FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1876.

"The Bravest of the Braves"-The Mystery of Marshal Ney's Fate,

A curious story is going the rounds of the Western press to the effect that Marshal Ney was not shot, as history tells us, but that he came to the United States and lived for many years in the South, where he was hnown as Peter Stewart Ney. The story is not a new one. Some time about year 1830 a French gentleman known as Peter Ney resided in Darlington or Marlboro district, in this state, and pursued the profession of teaching. Many old citizens are still living who were his pupils. Some curious facts are related concerning this gentleman which tend to corroborate the suspicon that he may have been Marshal Ney of the first empire. At the time referred to he is said to have been exceedingly reticent as to his personal and private history. In conversation, however, he showed a remarkable familiarity with all the eyents and battles of the Napoleonic wars, and very frequently commented upon them, admitting freely that he had taken an active part in them. His martial bearing, style of dress and the sabre sears upon his head, showed that he had known military service. He is said to have been generally reserved and quiet in his demeanor, but found of a social chat with men of his age. At times he relapsed into fits, of profound melancholy, which It was about 200 feet high. The body occasionaly ended in a spell of intemperate drinking. He seemed disposed to retirement, but on one occasion; when on a visit to Columbia he attended a military review on horseback, when his distinguished and soldiery bearing attracted much Hamilton county, stopping in the east part attention. The story goes that some of Stony Creek township, Madison county, French travellers, who were in the town It travelled about 20 miles and was about at the time, declared very positively that it could be no other than Marshal Ney. This gentleman, moreover, always betrayed a marked interest in every item of news connected with Napoleon in his exile, and one day, sitting ir his quiet schoolroom, reading a newspaper which he had room, reading a newspaper which he had just obtained, he suddenly dropped from through a small-stack. When it passed near the side of a house it would draw the examined was found to contain the news of Bonaparte's death.

These are the facts as gathered from some of those who, in their youth, had been pupils of Peter Ney. Whether they warrant the conclusion that the account of the execution of Marshall Ney is to be set down as a historic table, each reader must decide for himself.

What it Means.

We therefore rejoice in all the exposures of villainy that have been made, They show the people just what they are to expect under the rule of the politicians. They show the people just what they must do to rid themselves of the occasions of scandal. They are a terrific warning to all who desire to enter upon public lite, and all who are now in office. They prove to the country and to the politicians that there is but one way of safety, and that a pair of clean hands are a public man's most desirable and precious possession. No matter how terrible the punishment it may inflict upon the transgressors; no matter how much shame it bring to the American who is jealous of the honor of his country, it is better to brand the sinner with public infamy, than to attempt in any way to shield or hide him. The nation is sick-in its head and its heartand it must be cured.

We have often wondered whether the people generally understand what the vulgar crimes that have been exposed in high places mean,-whether they realize that for every Belknap there are hundreds of debauched and demoralized tools scattered all over the country. The exposures thus far made are only the outeroppings of crime. Every principal in sin has numberless subordinates. Does any one suppose that Tweed and his gang were the only thieves in New York? Why, it was necessary for their guilty career to have thousands of active or consenting instruments. Rings of thieves and single thieves alike have succeeded in stealing-can succeed in stealing-only by the aid of confederates and subordinates. A great mass of men unexposeda great mass who will never be exposed -have been steeped all through with dishonesty by influences poured down upon them from the high places of power, There is, therefore, no cure for them but the utter annihilation of all the influences that have demoralized them. They are to be exposed, denounced, killed. They are to be held up to public execuation. The men in whose guilty brains they originated are to be overwhelmed with disgrace; to be pointed at, hooted at by the public press, until tear, it no worthler motive, shall drive their instruments forever from their guilty complicities and practices .- Dr. J. G. Holland; Scribner

A BOY HORRIBLY MUTILATED IN A MILL.-Mr. Henry G. Shanley, who lives a few miles east of town, went to the flouring-mill of John Hahn, on last Saturday, to get some grinding done, and took his son, Daniel, aged about thirteen years, with him, and, while waiting tor his flour, his son was horribly mangled by being caught by the main shatt of the mill and whirled around very rapidly, his body being torced between the shaft and a wheat bin, there being only a space of about five inches intervening. The miller, hearing the roise, stopped the mill as quick as possible, but too late to save the life of the poor, unfortunate boy. One of his arms was entirely severed from his body at the shoulder joint, the other broken, one leg almost severed in twain, the other broken, his skull cracked, besides numerous other bruises upon his body. He survived but a few hours, when death came to his relief. His remains were brought to this place on last Monday and interred in the Catholic Cemetery.—Fredericktown (Mo.) Plain-

A Scene in the First Presidential Mansion.

It has become lately a habit with many of us to look upon Washington as a magnificent, proper, but rather wooden figure-head of the new nation. There can be no doubt, from contemporary records, that, on the contrary, he exerted a tremendous

personal magnetism. He was a clumsy, slow, heavy man; but with a sad sincerity of great purpose, in every word and action. "There was an indescribable something in Washington," says one of his contemporaries, "which awed every man who came in contact with him," We have many pictures of this brilliant court of Philadelphia, but none which please us so much as the story of a girl-friend of lovely Nelly Custis, who spent a night in the President's mansion. "When ten o'clock came, Mrs. Washington retired, and her granddaughter accompanied her, and read a chapter and psalm from the old family Bible. All then kneft together in prayer, and when Mrs. Washington's maid had prepared her for bed, Nelly sang a soothing hymn, and, leaning over her, received from her some words of counsel and her kiss and blessing."-Scribner for June.

A Land Spout in Indiana.

A land spout passed through the south part of Hamilton county on Saturday last about 5 p. m. It was about 30 feet across at the tep, in the shape of an hour-glass, Sometimes it would pull apart in the middle, but it would form again in a second. was a dark black color. It formed at white river, about two miles from the north line of Marion county, and travelled 20 degrees north of east, passing through Delaware, Fall Creek and Wayne townships, in one hour in passing that distance. It destroyed five farm houses, one school house one church and two barns. When it passed directly over a house it would tear it all to atoms, and all the fragments would pass up through its body and be thrown root up through the pipe, and draw the house over and smash it all up. In passing through the timber it would pull all the trees up by the roots that it passed directly over, and the timber on either side it would break off. Many of those that it would pull up would pass through it and come out at the top. It would car-ry them from one hundred yards to a halfmile. It stripped some of the farms of their poultry. In passing through the pipe all the feathers would be taken off the chickens, and the flesh would be very black, like it had been pounded against the walls of the pipe in passing through it. There were some cattle and a few sheep whirled through it. It took one house up and left a woman and three children sitting on the floor unharmed. Several women and children were badly bruised, but none killed.

One Man and Six Horses Burned to Death.

Monday morning, just after midnight, the alarm of fire was sounded, and from that time until daylight a terrible struggle took place between the fire department and this dreadful element. Too much credit cannot be awarded the men who threw themselves, heart and soul, into the struggle. While Mr. Conlon was in the midst of the fight at the stable and grocery in Branch alley, he received news that his four horses in Yellmantown were burning. With a selt-sacrifice worthy a Roman, although a poor man himself, he remained at his post, and by continual effort probably saved hundreds of thousands of dollars for other people, himself losing all. Such exceptional devotion to duty it is a pleasure to record.

The first alarm was at the stable of A G. Karson on Branch alley. The stable and a grocery were consumed, Montague's stable and Francis' stable caught, but sustained little damage. Six horses and five wagons belonging to the Singer Sewing Machine Company were burned, but worst of all was the fact that in one of these wagons a sewing machine agent, Manlius Brickey, by name, was sleeping, and though he was seen struggling in the flames it was found impossible to rescue him. And so he perished.

While this fire was under full headway it was announced that the storehouse of T. G. Randall and some building in the rear were burning. One of the engines was sent to the new conflagration, and did good service. In fact both engines were in good order on this occasion and worked well throughout. About daylight the saddle and harness house of Thomas O'Brien, belonging to Robert Johnson, was discovered to be on fire. By this time the other fires had been sufficiently reduced to give up the engines for this one, and it was extinguished without any great amount of loss. Altogether, there were about seventeen buildings on fire at the same time. the three stables, the grocery, two houses on the corner of Water and Limestone streets. Mike Shannon's, Geo. Woolley's two houses, Meekamp's confectionary, next door to the St. Nicholas Hotel, T. G. Randall's store, Adams' stable and the establishment of Thomas O'Brien. Total loss something over \$15,-000, about two-thirds of which was covered by insurance.-Lexington (Ky.) Ga-

The following shows the taxable wealth of Carroll county, from the tax books for

	Value.
435,489.95 acres land\$3	,067,643
2.425 town lots	420,346
3,712 horses	338,176
2.873 mules and asses	127,997
25.202 cattle	286,137
9.845 sheep	9.774
33,188 hogs	57,941
Money, notes and bonds	260,615
Bauks	13.333
Other personal property	288.082
Total91	
Total\$4	,870,044

Au Eight-Million Fortune

In Saturday's issue of the Mail it was briefly stated that William Woods, the huckster, was one of three heirs to a for-tune of \$8,000,000, bequeathed by a grandfather who died in Ireland. This afternoon one of our reporters made an attempt to interview him, at his stall in the market, but all efforts to apply the leeches proved futile. He would not divulge worth a cent. He appeared pleased at the prospects ahead of him, and was answering questions propounded by a number of persons who had made a lion of him. Mr. Woods stated that he didn't pry into other people's affairs and he pry into other people's affairs and he didn't want any one to interfere in his business. This much, however, he did disclose upon close questioning: That his grandfather was immensely wealthy, possessing more than \$8,000,000, and that the large sum he expected, at least he received intelligence to that effect, would be equally divided been bim and his two sisters, who are the only heirs. He endeavored to keep the fact quiet from the public, but through the oily tongue of a policeman the story leaked out, until now he is bored day and night by questions. As soon as he receives the amount he intends to visit the Centennial, and has already juvited a host of his friends around the market-house to accompany him on the trip, tree of all expense,

A NICE PLACE FOR ELK.-Black Hills correspondence Chicago Times: Yesterday Ai. Houston, who is one of the best hunters in the mountains, informed me that he had seen the largest bands of elk together this spring that he had ever seen in his life. He says he saw one band which contained from 1,000 to 1,500, They were all lying down at the time, and he did not disturb them by shooting into them, as he had plenty of meat, and, like a true man, did not wish to wantonly slaughter any of them, Al, is a first-rate hunter, and is as modest as he is brave. He has a nice ranch out near the loot hills of the mountains, and operates thence among the furred and feathered animals of this upland region. This spring and summer he is going out with an English gentleman to Montana to hunt for several months. The object in going to Montana is, perhaps, to be in a country where they can kill as many animals as they may wish without being trammelled by any

Franklin in Philadelphia -The advent of Franklin into the city on the day when, a shabby lad of seventeen, he walked up High street munching his roll, really marks the date of the birth of intellectual life of Philadelphia. There il not an effort for her improvement, mentas or practical, which can not be traced to its origin in the teeming brain of the energetic printer. Schools, universities, free churches, public libraries, drainage, fire scrawl, Franklin fecit. The wisdom and bury started in pursuit. drawn from books. Franklin dealt directly with the great natural forces, physical and human; out of the unlikely material of his fellow-apprentices he made the philosophic Junto; with the petty politics of the drowsy town, he studied statecraft; a kite and a key under his keen eyes told the secret of the lightnings which had been kept for ages. Nothing hering to the straws on his wife's besom, plants, tends it, and gives to the country the before unknown broom corn and a new source of industry. He observes a green twig on a basket lying on the wharf, thrown from an Amsterdam brig, plants and tends that, and presently Polard willows grow wild by every stream. He is the foremost typical American in our history; moral rather than religious a domestic man; taithful to his wife, ye cultivating Piatonic friendships with other women; never losing his cool self-control, yet with a keen, fine sense of fun; testing one minute a high metaphysical problem, and the next a counterfeit dollar; always master of the present moment, whether it demanded the making of cases, rollers and ink, which he had no money to buy, or the construction of a new government from the ruins of the old. - Rebecca Harding Davis; Scribner for June.

A STORY OF DR. NOTT OF UNION COL-LEGE.—The theory of Dr. Nott was that of family government as far as practible, and to attain this he brought the Faculty as much as possible in personal contact with the students. He was himself very intimate with the boys, and many stories are told of him by the older graduates, the most famous of which is the following: One night the Doctor's hen-roost was unusually noisy. Concerned about his poultry and his eggs, he hastened out in dressing gown and slippers, in time to surprise certain disguised figures, which quickly vanished, leaving a few of his choicest towls beheaded. The Doctor had a magic way of finding out evil-doers, and he soon discovered these. But instead of taking off their heads in turn, he invited them to dinner the next day, and feasted them on the towls with whose necks they had made free the night betore. The Doctor made no allusion to the occurrence, trusting to the conviction that every mouthful of contraband chicken would stick in the throat, to teach them a better lesson than any he could convey in words. When the meal was finished the boys we politely bowed out, firmly resolved never again to prepare for them-selves so uncomfortable a meal. The cul-prits never heard the tast of "Prex's Chickens."—Scribner for June.

The worst case of a man trying to get off a joke we ever heard was that of a young New York fellow who lately en-

The Cyprian's Revenge. Edward Warren was a cashier at the Erie (Pa.) bank. One day a boy passed a \$50 counterfeit bill over the counter. Warren had him arrosted and was sentenced to the penitentiary. The boy had a sister who was a notorious Cyprian. She would have revenge. She knew he had one weakness, and that was women. She was beautiful. She went to his room, over the bank one night, and telling him she was smitten, he admitted her. During the evening she asked him to go out and pur-chase a bottle of ot wine. He did so. When it was opened she threw a drug into his glass and he was soon in a stupor. Then she took his keys and went down into the bank. She succeeded in getting \$50,000 in cash. She then took a portion of it, and going back to his room threw it into his bureau, and put some of it into pockets. She then went below and fired the building. The fire was extinguished, and the president of the bank found his cashier in what he thought was a drunken stupor; he also found the money. The evidence was conclusive to his mind, and it was the same to a jury. Warren was sentenced to the State's prison for life. He made no confession until several years af ter his father visited him. He told him the whole story. The father went out, and after a year's search he found the woman keeping an elegant den of vice in Pittsburgh. She was arrested, and it was proven that she had done the deed. The Governor pardoned Warren out, and he and his father came West, where they are now living under assumed names. The woman was sentenced for life. Exactly nine vears after she was pardoned out on condition that she would give the whereabouts of her paramour, who was a notorious counterleiter. When he met ber in court she was so emaciated from her long confinment that he didn't recognize her. She had lost her former beauty. Her paramour was sentenced for life and she was turned out. Women and wine !

GALVESTON, May 11 .- Two stages from San Antonio Kingsbury were stopped and the passengers and mail robbed, about eight miles west of Seguin. A passenger who arrived here to-day, states that one of the robbers rode along side of the coach and inquired of the driver if he had noticed a man on a sorrel horse pass. He then took a good look at the coaches and passengers and rode on. Soon atterwards the masked men, armed with repeating riflles and mounted, advanced from each side of the road, ordered the passengers to alight from both stages, give up their weapons first, and then all their money.

They allowed passengers to retain watches and jewelry. The robbers then cut open the mail bags and robbed the mails. The passengers state the robbers secured about \$6,000 in currency, four revolvers, two Spencer rifles, which were in cases, and military companies, street lamps and besides mail matter. There were four street sweeping-every reform, from the men among the fourteen passengers on broad policy of the statesman to the small-est detail, bears somewhere the bold It is reported that a company from Kings-

AN ECCENTRIC CLERGYMAN.-The London Telegraph of April 24 says: "The Vicar of St. Petrock Minor, Cornwall, High Street, (opp. Pratt's Auction Room.) who lately advertised that he would reject all letters addressed to him as as 'reverend' and would be styled only 'G. W. Man-ning,' died on Saturday. He had his coffin made years ago, and has slept either upon or in it for many months. It was was too insignificant for the life-giving fitted with mattress and pillow and lately he employed a carpenter to alter it, so as to make it more comfortable. For several weeks he has slept within the coffin. The walls of his bed room were papered with letters and with notices of the steps to be taken in the event of his being seized with illness. Among other eccentricities he from the pulpit one Sunday gave his domestic servant notice to leave his employ. Although thus peculiar, the decoased continued to do duty in his church till very recently. The population of the parish is under one hundred."

> A FATHER'S CHOICE .- A wealthy genleman on the North Side says the Chicago Post, has a lovely Peruvian daughter, for whose hand there are three ardent suiters. The girl liked them all, and [declared her inability to choose, and left the matter to her father, who determined the one wno could make the best showing of commercial prosperity should marry his daughter. The first young man had a horse that could trot in 35, three stacks of blue chips on a solvent faro bank, two decolette shirts and a seal ring. He was bounced. The second suiter had \$7,000 in bank, a first class position and was saying up money. The third wasn't worth a red, but had a gauger's commission in his pocket. The old man, with tears in his eyes, led him to the daughter, joined their hands, and said : "Bless you, my chee-ild, bless you; to be sure, Henri has nothing at present, but it he is energetic, and attends to his work, in less than a year you may be living in Canada, with a fortune at your command.

ADVERTISING SHAME.—The American hangs his head in shame when he sees the public press burdened with the revelations of malfeasance in office. He is pained to think that all the world must know how low-toned our political moralities are; how given to thieving and the betrayal of trust are multitude of our men in responsible positions; what vulgarity of greed is exhibited by those whom the people have honored! It is all horrible, revolting, disgusting, humiliating; but this revelation is a thousand times better than the policy of concealment. A vice laid open to the public cautery is in a much better condition for being cured than one which is permitted to tester in semisecrecy for personal or class consideration .- Dr. J. G. Holland; Scribner for

deavored to induce a Miss Joak to go off with him, but was captured by the irate enemies: seldom safe to venture to instruct even our triends .- Colton.

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